

Zachariah Kump, Sr.

Written by Loren Kump (Son)

Transcription by Chad G. Nichols (2nd great grandson)

There are a few things that I remember about my father. I was only ten years old when he died so I can't remember too much about him.

Once when I was about seven or eight years old, I was playing behind the house, and there was a can of milk that had clabbered. I was taking it out of the can and making balls of the clabber and throwing it in the scaffold holes in the brick walls. Pa came along and saw me, and he sure tanned my hide for me.

Once I remember seeing him come home from Moroni in the single buggy and horse, Willous and Jake, my two brothers, were fighting as he drove into the yard. He got out of the buggy and never said a word but got a stick and surely gave them a lashing. My father never said much but what he said he meant.

My father was one of the first to raise beets in Sanpete County. I remember when he used to top beets. I was too young to top them but I and my younger brothers would pull them out of the ground and throw them into little piles. Then the older brothers would top them. Pa would sit on a box and cut the tops with a butcher knife.

The last thing I remember about him was when Mother sent me to the store in Chester one day. I had to walk and carry a basket of eggs to buy groceries with. When I was about home one of my brothers came and told me that Pa had fallen off a ladder while making a swing for Edna and Katie. This is what caused his death.